

DON'T SPEAK

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Draft
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EXT. MARC'S GARDEN - NIGHT

A garden, impersonal the only way a rented house garden could be. -- It's long. Decking connected to the house then plenty of grass. No signs of upkeep.

The sky clear and full of stars. TYLER sat in a camper chair, watching them. Cigarette in hand.

He takes a smoke of the cigarette. He coughs on the smoke.

TYLER chucks the cigarette to the floor.

He gets up. -- Looks at the sky one last time.

TYLER walks back into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The aftermath of a party. -- Confetti of alcohol tins and wine bottles. -- Plastic cups scattered all over the floor.

The room is avoid of people. Only one person left sitting on the sofa; MARC. MARC'S on his phone.

In enters TYLER.

MARC

I though you'd gone?

TYLER

I'm about too, but did you have a good party?

MARC

Alright.

(joking)

Said goodbye to people I've never seen before.

TYLER smiles a gentle laugh, no audio, just the nod of his shoulders.

TYLER

Right... keep in touch.

TYLER goes to leave.

MARC stands up.

MARC

Stay for a bit.

TYLER turns around.

MARC (cont'd)
You can help me tidy up. I know you
want too.

TYLER
Fine.

MARC
You sure?

TYLER
Yeah, it's fine.

MARC
Just you don't have too.

TYLER
I said it's fine.

MARC and TYLER start collecting rubbish.

MARC is picking up more than TYLER. -- TYLER starts to look
over at MARC. -- TYLER smiling in deep love.

MARC eventually notices TYLER looking at him.

MARC
What?

TYLER
Nothing.

MARC
Have I got something on my face?

TYLER
(laughing)
No.

MARC
(smiling)
Then what is it?

TYLER
I think I'm going to miss this.

MARC
(smiling)
Yeah?

TYLER
Yeah.

MARC puts a wine bottle in the bin. He goes back to pick up another wine bottle, this one has a bit of wine in it.

MARC opens it.

TYLER (cont'd)
No. Don't. It could have all-sorts in it.

MARC takes a sniff. -- He pretends to urge at it.

TYLER (cont'd)
(serious; laughing)
Stop it!

MARC'S retching gets louder.

TYLER (cont'd)
Marc! Stop it!

MARC smiles. The grin so cheesy.

MARC then takes a swig of the wine.

TYLER (cont'd)
Eew.

MARC
It's fine. A little cheap. But nice.

TYLER
You're such a snob.

MARC
Say's you.

MARC gestures the bottle at TYLER.

TYLER shakes his head. -- He doesn't want any.

MARC gestures again, this time with a bit more purpose.

TYLER
No--o.

MARC shrugs. -- Takes another swig of the wine.

TYLER (cont'd)
When do you actually go?

MARC
Technically in about twelve hours,
Bath Spa. Platform one. *Not that they're ever on time.*

The colour drops form TYLER'S face.

TYLER

Marc?

MARC goes to run past TYLER. TYLER gently grabs MARC'S arm.

MARC

Are you okay?

TYLER

Yeah sorry.

MARC

I'm going to miss my favourite
photographer?

TYLER

Yeah?

MARC

Who else is going to make me look
that good?

TYLER just sort of blankly looks at MARC.

TYLER

Marc? I think. Us. Well. I. Don't
worry actually.

TYLER starts picking up rubbish and throwing it in a bin
bag. He keeps throwing rubbish quickly.

MARC just watches as TYLER starts throwing rubbish in the
bag.

MARC

Tyler?

TYLER just ignores him.

MARC (cont'd)

Tyler?

Ignored again.

MARC walks to TYLER and takes the rubbish bag from him.

MARC (cont'd)

You okay?

TYLER

Yeah.

TYLER carries on putting rubbish away.

MARC
If only you could photograph me up in
Manchester, hey?
(beat)
For some reason you were the hardest
to say goodbye too tonight

TYLER
(choking)
Yeah?

MARC
I was low-key avoiding you.

TYLER
Marc. Marc I think I.

TYLER, clearly not fine, pauses.

MARC
Go on.

TYLER
No. Don't worry about it.

MARC
For me?

TYLER
I've got nothing to say. It was words
just coming out. The drink. I-I don't
have anything to say.

MARC, smiling out of frustration.

MARC
What were you going to say?

TYLER
Seriously drop it now.

MARC
Tell me?

TYLER
THERE IS NOTHING TO SAY! Okay.

MARC
Tyler, you clearly want to say
something so why don't you just tell
me.

TYLER
There is nothing okay. Can you please
just drop it.

TYLER goes back to packing up rubbish.

MARC gets closer, takes the rubbish out of TYLER'S hand.

MARC, now holding on the TYLER'S wrist. -- They hold a look.

TYLER (cont'd)
What are you doing?

MARC
Will you just tell me what you were
going to say.

TYLER
It isn't important.

MARC
It clearly is.

TYLER
Marc. I'm not. Honestly I have
nothing to say.

MARC
Tyler, for me?

TYLER, exhales nervously

TYLER
I think you already know.

MARC
Then tell me.

TYLER
No.

Both are getting visibly upset.

MARC
The other day you were off with me.
In the club.

TYLER
Just leave it.

MARC
What did I do to make you upset *that*
night?

TYLER

You didn't make me upset.

MARC

You go to get us both a drink, then you end up a couple streets away sat on some church steps crying. You're not telling me nothing happened?

TYLER

Why does it bother you so much?

MARC

Because it does.

TYLER

But why?

MARC

Because it does.

TYLER

I can't work you out.

MARC

What?

TYLER

Are you not happy with the way it all is? You go soon. I'll never see you again. Let's be real for once. The minute you get on that train I'm nothing to you.

MARC

That's not true. You're not like that.

TYLER

I am like that. That is exactly what I am!

MARC

Don't you dare. Don't you dare. You aren't painting me like that. You're... When we have a match I look for you and your camera. On nights out when the club is packed I look for you. I can see your smile court yards away when we're on campus. So don't you dare make me feel like I'll never care for you again.

TYLER
So it's all about how you feel, I get
it.

MARC
I'M NOT SAYING THAT!

TYLER
Don't shout at me.

MARC
THEN BLOODY LISTEN!

TYLER
LISTEN TO WHAT? YOU AREN'T BLOODY
SAYING ANYTHING!

MARC
I'm saying...

MARC loses his words, he doesn't know what he's saying.

TYLER
Exactly. And I'm telling you. This
isn't important.

MARC
You don't get to decide what is and
what isn't important to me.

Both, gently crying, decide to just look at each other. Then
they both go back to packing.

The room is awkwardly silent.

BEAT.

Then MARC creates more tension.

MARC (cont'd)
So what is this?

TYLER now clearly full of dread, just ignores him, and keeps
tidying.

MARC (cont'd)
Tyler?

TYLER keeps ignoring.

MARC (cont'd)
(softly)
Tyler?

TYLER puts down any objects and turns to face MARC again.

MARC (cont'd)
What is this?

TYLER can't respond, he feels anything will set him off to cry.

MARC (cont'd)
Well?

TYLER
(Barely forming his
words)
We're friends.
(Pause - Broken)
aren't we?

MARC
(annoyed)
Okay.

TYLER
What now?

MARC
No, you said it.

TYLER
What?

MARC
Friends. I just wanted to know where
we stand.

TYLER
Glad we are on the same page.

TYLER goes back to collecting rubbish.

MARC
You see I don't think we are just
friends?

TYLER stops packing and snaps.

TYLER
What do you want me to say to that?

MARC
The truth.

TYLER
What truth?

MARC

THE truth.

TYLER

Why don't you, why don't you say it?
Look at you. I will never, because
look at you. And look me.

MARC

Please say it.

TYLER

Can you please stop.

MARC

Just say it. For me.

(beat)

It's hurting me that you can't say
it.

TYLER

What would it change?

MARC

Maybe everything?

TYLER

But that's too much of a risk. For
me.

MARC

And think of me? I didn't know I
could? Not with someone like you.

TYLER

Like me. See it is an issue.

MARC

No not you. I didn't realise I...
That I didn't only like girls. And
I'm not sure I'm ready to confirm
that to myself yet.

TYLER

And I can't tell you, because every
guy that has come into my life has
hurt me... or done worse. I catch
feelings easily, and to be vulnerable
again. I just can't.

(beat)

But for one, it was different, it
grew slowly.

MARC
The feelings?

TYLER
I've loved everything we've done. Now it's over. I'm stuck here, whilst you move up north.

MARC
We can keep in touch.

TYLER
You aren't listening.

MARC
I am. Just say It.

TYLER breathes slowly.

TYLER
Marc.
(beat)
I can't.

MARC
Please. For me.

TYLER
I just can't!

TYLER snatches the bin bag. And he takes to the front door.

MARC now left, standing. He collects rubbish. He puts in a pile, so it's organised.

TYLER enters again. Rubbish bag gone.

TYLER goes to pick up some more bottles.

MARC walks over and takes TYLER'S hand.

MARC
Please say it. Please. I need you too. I want you too.

TYLER
You know when you have an argument, and then you leave, and you have all these ideas after. Ideas of what you should have said and what you shouldn't have said. That's what I've had. Putting it simply. I'm too scared to say it.

MARC
You can't live your life in fear
Tyler.

TYLER
And neither can you. But here we are.

TYLER just shakes his head.

MARC starts to cry a little.

MARC
(beat; broken)
I might think it too?

TYLER
And can you say It?

BEAT.

MARC doesn't respond.

TYLER (cont'd)
Exactly.
(beat)
I think I'm going to go.

MARC moves a bit forward.

MARC
Tyler.

TYLER
I can't. Really. I can't.

TYLER turns around. -- He walks out.

MARC stands, not ready to leave he runs after TYLER.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Between the pavement and the door is a short little walk way. Cobbled together.

TYLER almost on the pavement, if he steps on that the relationship truly is over. Our characters know this.

MARC at the back door. No shoes on.

MARC
Tyler!

TYLER turns around.

MARC places his bare-feet on the floor. And runs over.

MARC (cont'd)
Just come back in. Just spend the night.

TYLER
Let's not. Cuz then we're just delaying it.

MARC
But I. I lo--
(chokes on the words)
I.

MARC just can't say it.

TYLER
Exactly.
(beat)
I have loved everything we've done. The nights-out. The days. The laughs and talks. I've loved every moment of us. And I've loved how you've made me, *me* again. And I'll love that, and cherish that forever.
(beat)
And as much as I...
(beat; can't say it)
You. We aren't ready. Go to Manchester. Have the best time.

MARC
Am I ever going to see you again?

TYLER
Probably. Maybe. Maybe not. I'll never forget you though.

MARC
Every time Murder on the Dance-floor comes on. I'll think of you.

TYLER and MARC both let out a little laugh. They smile. Both now come to terms with the end.

TYLER
And every time footballs on I'll imagine you playing.

TYLER grabs MARC'S hand. He hold its.

MARC
Would you kiss me if I asked.

TYLER pulls up MARC'S hand. TYLER kisses it.

TYLER
That's all you get.

MARC pulls TYLER in for a hug. They embrace. The crying starts again.

MARC, talks into TYLER'S ear as they hug.

MARC
I know I can't say it. But I really do.

TYLER
And so do I.

TYLER pulls away from the hug.

TYLER kisses MARC on the cheek.

TYLER turns around and he leaves.

MARC left standing, all alone. It's sad, but also some how happy.

The credits role, as MARC stands on his own.

THE END